King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make leanes
Mow: Yea, but not change his spots, take
but my shame
And I resigne my gage. My deare, deare
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted
A Jewell in a ten times barrd up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.
Mine honour is my life; both grow
Take honour from me, and my life is
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour
In that I live, and for that will
King: Cosin throw downe your gage
Doe you begin.
Bul: Oh heaven defend my soule from
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my

Before this out-dard dastard? Ere my
tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with such
feeble wrong:
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall
teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in this high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in
Mowbrayes face.
Exit Gaunt.
King: We were not borne to sue, but to
command
Which since we cannot doe to make
you friends,
Be ready (as your lives shall answer it)
At Coventree, upon Saint Lamberts day:
There shall your Swords and Lances arbit-
rate
The swelling difference of your settled
hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Justice